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head tucked between the joint of its ample wings, and covered with the spread of shining scapular feathers.

A policeman on night duty in the park was the only one in the crowd that seemed at all aware of the interesting occurrence that happened nightly at this spot. He told us the birds remained quiet until about four o'clock in the morning, when the noisy clattering recommenced in full force, continued for half an hour or so, and then the assembled host gradually broke up, each division departing separately and spreading out over the city, sought their day time haunts. It would have been interesting to learn how many more such roosts there were in and about the city, and to know how large an area was nightly drained of its Martins to supply each roost; but this was too great a task for a few observers to do in one season. A week or so more and all the Martins had left for the winter. I left this city the following spring and so did not see this sight again.

However, I hear from Mr. De Vine, that the same scene saw the recurrence of the roost the next summer of 1904 and again in the same season of 1905. Without doubt, unless some radical change has taken place in the locality or status of the species, as I pen these lines, the Martins are once again in possession of the three little trees in the southeast corner of Washington Park, and are daily re-enacting what I have attempted herein to describe.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BIRDS OF SECOND LAKE, COOS COUNTY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY CHARLES H. ROGERS.

Coös is the most northern county of New Hampshire and occupies most of that state north of the White Mountains. Pittsburg township, in its turn, covers the northern end of Coös county, an end twenty-four miles long. The Connecticut lakes are nominally four. Fourth Lake, a tiny pond and the source of the Connecticut River, lies in northernmost Pittsburg township next door to Canada. The infant river flows thence to Third Lake a little below, next six miles through the forest

to Second Lake, and then eight miles to First Lake, the biggest of all. South to First Lake all the land is forest, part of it virgin.

At Fourth Lake there are no buildings; at First Lake a number. I had nothing to do with either. I arrived at Second Lake August 28th, 1905, and stayed at Idlewild Camp at about the middle of the west shore.

My first hunt was to paddle along the north-west shore and go up the river a short distance. I found what the rest of my two-weeks' stay confirmed, that the characteristic of the forest bird life at that season was large flocks of small birds. A characteristic flock would consist of Chickadees (the first in numbers as in gaiety) with a lesser number of their Hudsonian brothers (easily distinguished at a glance or as far as they could be heard), several Red-bellied Nuthatches (hardly second to the Chickadees in volubility), several species of warblers (the commonest was the Myrtle, with the Black-throated Green second), a few Golden-crowned Kinglets, some Juncos (most abundant of the Fringillidæ) and White-throated Sparrows in the brush, and perhaps a Red-eyed Vireo or two, a Flycatcher and one or two other species. This afternoon the Flycatcher was an Olive-sided and one of the "other species" was my first Philadelphia Vireo, most obligingly low down in the alders along the river. I saw four other individuals of this species during my stay and all were in alders.

It seemed strange to find a gull in this "world of green hills," but I saw one of some small species flying over the lake, August 30th.

I did not see an owl of any kind. The only one I heard, a Great Horned, began hooting back of camp about five o'clock one sunny afternoon. "Hoo hoo-hoo hooo hoo." He varied this remark only by occasionally slurring and once or twice dropping the last syllable.

On September 2d I took the trip to Third Lake and back with a fellow camper. Nothing unusual appeared till we were nearly there, when a search for a woodpecker hammering overhead brought to light one with a white-barred back,—my first of the American Three-toed species. The lake proved to

be a mile-long gem set in forest clad hills rising directly from the water. We ate lunch at a just vacated camp alive with Juncos, Myrtle Warblers, White-throated Sparrows, etc., clearing away the crumbs. A Hairy Woodpecker and a couple of Canada Jays also made themselves at home in camp. While out paddling after lunch a Great Blue Heron flying over the woods north of the lake got himself put down as my farthest north bird, and a Winter Wren at the water's edge loudly asserted his claim to second place. The return trip to Second Lake yielded another Three-toe of the same species, which came quite close in answer to my "squeaking."

Ten days passed without my seeing a single Canadian Spruce Grouse, a species which I had particularly hoped this locality would add to my life-list, so on September 8th I made a special hunt for it along what I was told was the best trail for it, one running east from the opposite shore. I followed it as long as I had time without seeing any grouse but the usual Canadian Ruffed, which that morning I heard drumming for the first time. I started back through the woods a little to one side of the trail and almost immediately flushed three of my longed-for Spruce "Pa'tridges." Instead of thundering off through the woods as *Bonasa* does they flew to low branches and looked at me. I got within six feet of one, and then she merely flew to the ground a few paces off. Though they were all hens or young birds I felt repaid for my hunt, but before I regained the trail I put up a fourth bird, a cock, a very handsome little fellow with his inky breast and bit of scarlet skin over his eye.

In such a country I had expected to find plenty of Crossbills of both species, but on the afternoon of the day when I saw *Canachites* a male which visited a tree outside of my window at camp was the first I saw. Alas, his wings were plain and I have yet to see a White-wing. The next day he came with his mate and both flew to the ground near the kitchen after scraps. The next afternoon I left and was once more in the land of the English Sparrow.